

**FELICITY.**

A squallid, hideous town, where streams run black. With wail of a hundred roaring mills, Hither occasion calls me, and ev'n here, All in the same rest, that's only. Defamed the lightning and distorted the morn, Only by its lightning the sky still blue. Ev'n here the myriad slaves of the machine Doom life a boor; and here, in days far sped, I overheard a kind eyed girl relate To her companions, how a favoring chance By some few shillings weekly had increased The earnings of her household, and she said, "So now we are happy, having all we wished." Felicity, indeed! though more it lay In wanting little than in winning all.

Felicity, indeed! Across the years To me her tones come back rebuking; me, Spreader of toils to snare the wandering Joy No guile may capture and no force surprise: Only by them that never woed her, won.

Oh, curst with wide desires and spacious dreams, Too cunningly do accumulate Appliances and means of happiness, Ever to be happy! Lavish hosts ye make Elaborate preparation to receive A shy and simple guest, who, warned of all The ceremony and circumstance wherewith Ye mean to entertain her, will not come.—William Watson in London Spectator.

**DISCIPLINE.**

During the winter of 1863-4 it was my fortune to be president of one of the court martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the session of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths I at length arrived at the court ground at Round Oak Church.

Day after day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army, charged with violations of military law. But never had I on any previous occasion been gripped with such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of "The Confederate States versus Edward Cooper" was called—the charge, desertion. A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle scarred spectators as a young artillerist rose from the prisoner's bench and, in response to the question "Guilty, or not guilty?" answered, "Not guilty."

The judge advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and said to the accused:

"Who is your counsel?" he replied.

Supposing that it was his intention to represent himself before the court, the judge advocate was directed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witness.

"I have no witnesses," he replied.

Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him:

"Have you no defense? Is it possible you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of an enemy without any reason?"

"There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," I replied. "You are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the cause that influenced your actions."

For the first time his manly form trembled and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court he presented a letter, saying as he did so:

"There, general, is what did it."

I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes were filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors, who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles, wept like little children. As soon as I had recovered my self possession I read the letter as the defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:

MY DEAR EDWARD—I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but, before God, dear Edward, unless you come home we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Edgar's crying. I called out and said, "What is the matter, Eddie?" and he said, "Oh, mamma, I'm hungry!" Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she's getting thin and sick every day. And, before God, my dear Edward, unless you come home we must die of starvation.

YOUR MARY.

After reading the letter I turned to the prisoner and said:

"What did you do when you received this letter? Did you apply for a leave of absence to the proper officers?"

"I made application for a furlough and it was rejected; again I made an application and it was rejected; a third time I made application and they refused to grant it. That night as I wandered backward and forward in the camp thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking toward me and the burning words of Mary sinking deep into my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me—her angel arms embraced me and she whispered:

"Oh, Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!"

"She must have felt me shudder, for she turned as pale as death, and then, catching her breath at every word, she said:

"Have you come without your furlough? Oh, Edward, Edward, go back! Go back! Let me and my children go down together to the grave, but, oh, for heaven's sake, save the honor of your name!"

"I at once returned, and here I am, gentlemen, not brought hero by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every soldier of that court martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood in beatific vision the eloquent pleader for a husband's and a

father's wrongs, but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty though the lightning's dash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in turn pronounced the verdict—guilty.

But fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner, Edward Cooper, is condemned, and will report to his company for duty.

R. E. LEE, General.

During the second battle of Cold Harbor, while shot and shell were falling "like torrents from the mountain cloud," my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the Union forces.

When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary Confederate soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me he elevated his voice above the roar of the battle and said:

"General, I have one shell left. Tell me, have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?"

I raised my hat. Once more a Confederate shell went crashing through the Federal ranks, and the hero sank by his gun to rise no more.—General Cullen A. Battle in Drake's Magazine.

**Duties of Our Coast Police.**

In addition to feeding the hungry, saving the imperiled and guiding the lost, it is also the revenue cutter's duty to suppress mutinies, prevent smuggling, enforce the neutrality laws and the quarantine regulations, protect merchant vessels from piratical attacks, protect wrecked property and guard the timber reserves of the United States against depredations. The constant and frequent inspection of the vast fleet of merchant vessels that trades along our coast forms a very important duty of the service, and one which, if not performed, would be followed by a very general neglect of the customs and navigation laws.

Even with the rigid and constant inspections, from 1,000 to 2,000 violations are detected each year and reported to the proper authorities. It is not alone in the examination of the ship's documents and the ascertaining that she has no smuggled articles on board, that she is engaged in the trade for which she is licensed, that her marine documents are in force, that her regularly authorized captain is in command, etc., that the importance of the boarding duty is most strikingly shown.—Scribner's.

**Motions in a Court of Justice.**

A rather crude citizen of Seguin, a small town in western Texas, was elected justice of the peace, and the only law book he had was Cushing's Manual.

The first case before him was that of a cowboy for stealing a steer.

When the case was called the leading lawyer of the town, the Hon. John Ireland by name, was there to defend the prisoner.

"As there is no counsel for the other side," he said, "I make make a motion that the case be dismissed."

The justice looked over his Manual. "A motion has to be seconded," he said. "I second the motion," promptly responded the prisoner.

"The motion has been seconded," said the justice. "All in favor will please say 'aye.'" The prisoner and his attorney voted "aye."

"All opposed will say 'no.' Nobody voted."

"The motion is carried, and the case is dismissed," repeated the court. "A motion to adjourn is now in order."

The prisoner made the motion, and the court adjourned.—Lancaster Law Review.

**A Good Idea.**

"When my children were little," said a rather original mother, whose methods, although somewhat eccentric, were in the main excellent, "I taught them what we called an 'emergency catechism,' to which they would answer as quickly as possible, standing in a row and saying it together to the great amusement of those who heard them. Here are some of the questions, and the answers you can easily supply for yourself: 'What would you do if you were lost in New York?' 'What would you do in case of fire?' 'In case of being in a runaway?' 'In case of floating off in a boat?' 'In case of drowning, if any one tried to save you?' and a number of other questions of the same nature."

"Did they ever have cause to apply them?" said one amused listener. "Only once," was the answer, "and that was when a pair of ponies that I was driving ran away. The little dears sat perfectly still just as they had been told, but it might have been sheer fright after all."—New York Tribune.

**Hunting Bears in Maine.**

"Charles Smith, the Jackson bear hunter," said a trapper, "followed a track through the snow some winters ago and finally it disappeared in a ledge. He was bound not to give it up that way, so he made him a torch, and taking it in one hand and his single shot rifle in the other he entered the den. He wasn't long in spotting a pair of eyes in advance of him and he fired. Retreating until he was satisfied the bear must be dead he again entered, but there the eyes were, apparently as before. Again he fired, and when he next entered the cave he found he had killed two bears and both big ones."—Lewiston Journal.

**A Woman's Revenge.**

Husband—Mercy on us! Where did you get this set of Royal Worcester china?

Wife (calmly)—I bought it. Husband—Bought it? Great snakes! Why do you buy such ruinously expensive ware?

Wife (with suppressed emotion)—I had to buy it to match that nicked saltcellar you got at Joblott's for ten cents and gave me for a present.—New York Weekly.

**TWO INTERESTING DIPLOMATS.**

Both of Spanish Race, Recently from Morocco, and Popular in Washington.

Washington gossips remark with surprise that the two most interesting diplomats to arrive in the United States recently are just from the court of the emperor of Morocco. Both are of Spanish race, but one represents Spain and the other Salvador; and, owing to reciprocity and other recent events, the relations of both countries with the United States have become very important.



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